McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXIII — SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1886. — NUMBER 34

McKean County Miner

I. ROGERS, Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

E. & N. R. R. [illegible] Vermont Branch] arrives at [illegible] p. m., and leaves at [illegible] a. m.

P. & E. R. R. arrives at 10 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. Mail leaves at 12:15 p. m.

[illegible] Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1:30 p. m.

[illegible] leaves evening time.

[illegible] for Instant or Bothers [illegible] and 2:00 p. m.

[illegible] for delivery of mail [illegible]

M. A. SPRAGUE, P. M.

Lodge Directory

F. & A. M.

[illegible] No. 285, A. & A. M., meets on [illegible] Masonic Hall [illegible]

H. P. BRAWLEY, W. M.

[illegible] No. 182, meets every [illegible] evening of each [illegible] Hall, Barden Block [illegible]

[illegible] W. M.

I. O. O. F.

[illegible] No. 382, meets every Thursday evening at [illegible] Hall, Barden Block [illegible]

[illegible] N. G.

K. OF P.

[illegible] meeting at Barden Hall, [illegible] Block, Smethport.

[illegible] C. C.

[illegible] K. R. & S.

Meet every evening at 7:30 in Barden Hall, [illegible] Block, Smethport.

[illegible] C.

[illegible] K. of R. & S.

Churches.

[illegible] Pastor. Preaching at [illegible] a. m. Sabbath School [illegible] p. m. Prayer meeting [illegible] evening at 7 o'clock. Covenant meeting [illegible] before the first Sunday in every month. Sabbath School every Sunday at [illegible] a. m.

[illegible] Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. [illegible] Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Communion [illegible] Sunday in each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Services also on Sunday at Smethport and Lafayette.

Boroughs Officers.

[illegible] A. T. Palmer, [illegible] D. Barbour, Chas. Kruger, S. J. [illegible] Chris Sherer, Jr., L. Armstrong and [illegible]

[illegible] M. Smith, F. Flint, [illegible] H. L. Buckingham, [illegible] J. Gaskin, E. E. Kennan, [illegible] Wilson, Carl Sauser, D. C. Young and [illegible] Secretary.

[illegible] Knapp.

[illegible] M. Smith.

[illegible] C. F. Richmond, John Forrest, W. [illegible] Fay Waller.

[illegible] N. D. Barnes and T. V. Powell.

Judicial Directory

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

[illegible] Judge, A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.

[illegible] Associate Judges, Henry Hamlin, Smethport; [illegible] M. Fuller, Bradford.

[illegible] of Courts, W. Brown, Bradford.

[illegible] Sheriff, E. Rooney, Jr., Bradford.

[illegible] of Deeds, R. H. Rose, Smethport.

[illegible] Register, Edward Mead, Smethport.

[illegible] Attorney, Samuel Hamlin, Smethport.

[illegible] Treasurer, A. P. Barnes, Smethport.

[illegible] Commissioners, M. McElroy, Shinglehouse; [illegible] Kelley, Smethport; [illegible] Keating, Smethport; [illegible] Kane, Retreat; A. Bellis, Smethport.

[illegible] Auditors, John E. Stoneman, Kane; [illegible] Fuller, Smethport; [illegible] Parker, E. E. Clark [illegible]

[illegible] Brewer, Chas. Osborn, W. N. [illegible]

[illegible] Inspector, F. E. Barden, Eldred [illegible] Thompson, Bradford.

[illegible] Surveyor, [illegible] M. Campbell, Smethport.

[illegible] Superintendent, [illegible] M. Campbell, Smethport.

[illegible] Coroners, [illegible] M. Fuller, Smethport; [illegible] Mead, Smethport.

[illegible] Commissioners, [illegible] Smethport.

Notaries.

Robert E. Patterson, [illegible] Christopher P. Black [illegible] Lemuel B. Sikes, [illegible] Wm. Ellis, [illegible]

Physicians.

[illegible] & Hamilton, [illegible] Kane, Pa.

[illegible] & Stevens, office, [illegible] Kane, Pa.

H. L. Mackey, [illegible] Kane, Pa.

[illegible] & Hamilton, offices in E. B. [illegible] building, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

M. D. Fitzsimmons, [illegible] Consulting physician and surgeon, office hours from 10 to 11 a. m. and 1 to 2 p. m., Smethport, Pa.

M. D. Swinehart, [illegible] PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office two doors east of Rockwell House, Smethport, Pa.

DR. DAN O'NEILL KANE,

DR. THOMAS L. KANE,

Physicians and Surgeons, KANE, PA.

HOTELS.

Chautauqua House

Main Street, Smethport, Pa., H. H. Vincent, Proprietor.

[illegible] has recently been greatly improved [illegible] additions, making it one of the [illegible] hotels in the county. Good [illegible] attentive clerks. The tables are supplied [illegible] the delicacies of the season. A [illegible] of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 5, 1886.

WRIGHT HOUSE,

Main Street, Smethport, Penn'a, H. F. Wright, Proprietor.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Grand Central Hotel,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa., F. N. Taylor, Proprietor.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

BUCKTAIL HOTEL

Kane, Pa. H. E. Looker, Proprietor.

Remodeled and refurnished, and one of the best hotels in McKean County.

Broezel's Hotel,

[illegible] Seneca and Wells streets, Buffalo, N. Y. First-class in every respect. John Broezel, Proprietor.

Exchange Hotel,

Near McKean and Buffalo Depot, East Smethport, Pa. J. H. Stowers, Proprietor.

This hotel is newly made and furnished in all respects for the comfort and convenience of the traveling public.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

STORES D. HAMLIN. JAMES FORREST.

Hamlin & Forrest,

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa., office of the late firm of Hamlin & Sayres (formerly Keating & Co.'s office) in the occupancy of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Elk counties.

D. FERRETT. ROBERT H. ROSE

Ferrett & Rose,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, office in Barden Block, Smethport, Pa.

JOHN C. BARNES. SHERIDAN GORTON

Barnes & Gorton,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office opposite Court House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

Dyke & Ricksecker.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Parker and Wright Block, Bradford, Pa.

THOS. A. ROBINSON JOHN S. APPLEBY Notary Public

Robinson & Appleby.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office nearly opposite the Court House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Collections and abstracts of land titles. Deeds and other conveyancing executed with care and dispatch.

W. J. MILLIKEN. F. W. RICHMOND Notary Public

Milliken & Richmond,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Smethport, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to.

W. M. Thompson & Smith,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Exchange, Bradford, Pa.

J. Ford

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office, Mayer Block, Church Street, Sistersville, Pa.

J. K. Wallace.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bradford, Pa. Claims promptly collected.

H. NOBLE ROONEY H. H. SYKES

Mayo, Rooney & Sykes,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Room Fitzhugh's Exchange, Bradford, Pa.

Geo. A. Siggins,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Room 10, Oil Exchange, Bradford, Pa.

A. E. STONE. A. LEO WELL

Stone & Weil,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Pompeiian Hall, Bradford, Pa.

Mullin & McClure,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office, Main and Pine Sts., Bradford, Pa.

Barnes C. Bryant,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND COUNSELOR IN PATENT CAUSES, Office, Rooms 7 and 8, Main & Webster Sts., Bradford, McKean Co., Pa.

E. M. Mayo,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Office, Mayer Block, Bradford, Pa.

P. H. Collier,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Eldred, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

Smythe & Caldwell,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office—Port Allegany, McKean County, and Coudersport, Potter County, Pa.

MASONIC HALL FURNITURE STORE!

Specht & Sasse

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity with

FURNITURE!

of all kinds and of

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Full and complete lines of

WALL PAPER!

Constantly on hand.

Prices and patronage invited to

CALL AND SEE US

at our [illegible] and

Look at our Stock

SPECHT & SASSE,

Main St., Smethport, Pa.

J. C. HAMLIN.

—DEALER IN—

HARDWARE, STOVES, Etc.

CUTLERY,

AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, PAINTS,

OILS, GLASS, PUTTY,

SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.

JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

☞ Customers say that J. C. Hamlin sells goods as low, if not lower, than they can get them in any other store in the county.

SMETHPORT, cor. Clay st. and Main

The Best Meat and Vegetable MARKET!

—IN—

SMETHPORT

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c.

—ALSO—

VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

A FIRST-CLASS LINE OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST

A Full Line of

CANNED GOODS

Highest market price paid for Hides and Pelts.

C. W. WILLIAMS.

Main Street, - - - Smethport, Pa.

Farm for Sale.

FARM containing one hundred acres good [illegible] grass and grain land. Fine apple orchard, also four orchard trees paid nearly one hundred dollars for last season's crop; never failing springs and spring brook running through the farm. This is considered one of the best [illegible] farms in the county, with dwelling house, brick and corn-house, barn and horse barn, and sugar bush. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Part cash, balance in yearly installments; may run eight or ten years. The farm needs; may run eight or ten years. The farm is situated three miles from the county seat.

A. BELLIS.

Smethport, McKean Co., Pa.

Feb. 25, 1886.-tf.

VAIN MAN.

More than half a century since these lines were found in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, beside a skeleton remarkable for its symmetry of form. They were subsequently published in the London *Morning Chronicle*, and a vain effort made to ascertain the author, even by offering a reward of fifty guineas:

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This place was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot
With dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void!
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the tear of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When sun and stars are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
This silent tongue shall plead for thee,
When time unveils eternity.

Say, dost thou ask if thee we mourn,
Or with the envied piety adorn?
To bless the tuck, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought—
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avaunt! to whichever base or shod,
Those feet the path of duty trod!
If from the low to worse they fled,
To seek a lifetime's humble shed,
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to weeping want returned—
Those feet with angel's welcome shall rise,
And tread the palace of the skies.

A DEAD FACE.

BY MYNDERT CLARK.

I.

A long stretch of sand, sunny in the clear sunlight, white waves creeping restlessly in, nearer and nearer, breathing the same sad monotone that for ages they have sung in their calmer hours, and further back are the Alps, looming ruggedly against the soft sky.

It is in France, on the Mediterranean. There is a small fishing village, and further up the beach and nearer the hills lies a group of handsome cottages.

Down on the sands a woman is walking aimlessly along on this fair autumn afternoon. It is an English girl, tall and slender.

Upon her recovery from a long fever, a settled melancholy had fallen upon her, and they had brought her here, away from the fogs and low-hung skies of her own country, into the amber sunlight and the clear, fresh air of this coast village.

Because she was ill and away from home they allowed her to be eccentric.

Her father was a country gentleman in Oxfordshire, where life is a much more sedate thing than it is in most places, even more so than it is in other places of serious-minded England. If she were at home, she would not be allowed to convalesce as she chose, going about by herself to gather shells and sea-weeds, lying on the dry, hot sands, and reading her favorite, doubtful books such as the Arabian Nights Entertainments and Queen Mab.

As a child she had been called imaginative, and as a young lady she barely escaped being thought "queer." In the United States she would have been known to possess a poetical nature, and would have been esteemed for her originality; but Oxfordshire would rather have her daughter "good form" than original.

She was infatuated with what she had heard of the social freedom of girls in America, and eagerly read all she could find on the subject; and determined sooner or later to make her permanent home in the new world.

She had now been in France for some time, and with returning vigor the melancholy had, in a measure, disappeared; but her imagination gained ground. Her dreamy, visionary moods were trance-like in their sweet repose of mind and their almost total inertness of will. On the day of which I write, she had enjoyed one of those deep, restful sleeps which only come after high-burning fevers, and now she was in what her practical father would have called one of her unpleasant moods; but she was very happy in them. She watched the waves increasing, she listened to the restful monotonous murmur, she saw white sails afar off, lying on the softly heaving breast of the sea, and all seemed marvellously blended with her soul's calm.

She walked on, not caring whither, not noticing that she had passed beyond the last of the fisher-cots and the poorer huts unmindful that she had come opposite the cottages of the better classes and the homes of the English and American visitors who had come here for years or for months, as need were, till they should have regained the priceless pearl of health. Presently she hears footsteps coming behind her. She had no curiosity to know who was there; she had made no friends here nor cared to know any one. But with an instinct common to all, she turned around, after a time, to see who came behind. There were the same brown sands, sun-touched, there the same white-edged waves, but no human being was to be seen on the coast as far back as eye could reach. Most people would have said mentally, "I was mistaken, there's no one there," and that would have been the last of it. But with Helen Blanchard it was different. Her morbid imagination was piqued, and as she walked slowly along, she involuntarily listened for the sound of footsteps following, and soon her curiosity was rewarded, for she heard it again, mingled with the sound the waves made in their lapping. Again she looked around, and once more she saw only the blank stretch of beach, only the increasing water. Again she started on, again the ghostly footsteps sounded in the rear, and this she repeated many times, always feeling the same thrill of superstitious wonder when she saw there was no one coming; certainly no one in the flesh, for but for this ghostly, unseen companion she was alone with the sunshine, the sands and the sea.

Then she stood still and looked out on the water, closing her eyes: She grew cold and pale and could hear the beating of her heart, high above the beating of the waves. She stood quite still: then she heard a rushing sound as of many wings, and there came a whisper, and a voice said "Follow me."

By this time her nerves were afire, but her will had grown correspondingly dogmatic. She sat down on a rock trying not to hear the footsteps nor the rippling waves nor the faint voice saying "Follow me," but she heard them all.

At last a will stronger than her own himself her to arise and follow the voice which she heard now from the shore further up and to the left, and she went back from the sands toward the hills beyond, toward the better group of cottages, one of which, more pretentious than the rest, looked as it had been longer occupied. There were vines creeping over the windows of stained glass, there were flowers blooming in the garden and a hammock swinging lazily in the breeze. At this house there were signs of an unusual commotion. There were thirty or more of these cottages in the little settlement, all of them occupied by English-speaking families, mostly Americans, and as she drew near she could see that this house, larger than the rest, was full of people.

Still she went on, following the impulse of this will which was stronger than her own. A lady was just entering, and she passed in with her. There was a passage not large enough to be called a hall, in English parlance, and an odd, irregular stair, then there was a room with an arch in the center of it, and which seemed incredibly large for the size of the houses. Bright curtains of Indian gauze were drawn back on each side, and between them underneath the arch, stood a burial casket. The place was dimly lighted and the air heavy with the scent of flowers. Many people were there, and the lady who had entered with her walked up to the coffin, looked in a moment and passed on. Helen did the same and saw a dead face, so like her own that she started back and almost uttered an exclamation. She looked again and saw it was the face of a woman older than herself, but there was a most striking resemblance between it and the one she had grown familiar with in her mirror during the quarter of a century she had lived. The same retrousse nose English nose, the same firm chin, and the fine forehead, half concealed by loose, irregular rings of dark hair; only the woman in the coffin had been so long in this realm of possible joys and sure sorrows which men call life that it had sprinkled gray threads in the brown hair and had pencilled lines on the brow beneath, which were strangers to the smooth forehead of Helen Blanchard. She gazed as though she were spell-bound, and it seemed as if it were her own dead face on which she looked, and she found herself weeping in very pity for her own dead self. She was not yet strong from her illness, and trembled so that she was obliged to sit down.

She heard some one say in English: "How terribly she feels it; it must be a relative. She looks very much like her." She noted the room, every item in them, and recalled it all, long after, when the whole incident had grown to seem like a troubled dream. The air of luxury, the deep, soft-cushioned chairs of crimson velvet, the satin and antique lace curtains, the carpet with its Oriental colors, the stained glass of the fantastic side-window, the landscapes on the wall, the mocking-bird in its gorgeous cage, the flowers, plants—everything full of color and brightness, as if each thing had borrowed brightness from the sunshine, and made again sunshine of its own. Just as Helen would have liked to have it, she thought, but so different from the stiff, stilted rooms at home. She had never seen such parlors before. There was an open piano, an easel with a half-finished picture, and a book-case of richly-carved woods. Books were on the table, too, and there was all the graceful orderly disorder of a true home. "It is the same as I should have had," she said, and then she thought of herself, as if it were she lying there under the soft festoon of the Indian gauze. She loved color and brightness, but had never been allowed to indulge her taste. And then the books: she felt sure they were just what she would have liked; and there were rare and exquisite shells and specimens of sparkling ores, and she too was fond of geology.

She allowed the fancy to grow upon her. In imagination she merged her own identity with that of the woman in the coffin. "This is my home," she said to herself, "these are all my things, and I am dead. I played on that piano, but will never touch it again. There is my landscape which I shall never finish, and those are the flowers which I have tended;" and so on with all she saw. She had looked at dead people before, but had never thought of weeping, but now she was at her own funeral and these tears that fell were in sorrow for her own life ended.

Suddenly the stillness and her trance-like reverie were broken by the tones of the piano softly touched by one of the ladies present; she played Schuman's Traumerei. Then, as the sweet notes ceased, a gentleman, who was not a clergyman, arose and read a poem by Ralph Waldo Emmerson. Then he talked awhile of the lady who had died so suddenly in that house, this home she had made for her invalid husband in a foreign land. He spoke of the many fair and excellent qualities of the deceased, her charities, her great talents and warm, womanly benevolence. He spoke of her literary career; she had been a reviewer of books and a writer of bright essays and magazine articles; and Helen thought, "I too might have written could I be permitted to try." And so the beautiful and simple services had ended by the singing of a sweet ballad beginning, "Dead, and We Loved Her So." There was no prayer, no hymn, no reading of the Scripture, only this and genuine sorrow; and the blossom-hidden casket was borne slowly away, up the white winding road, on one side the sounding sea with its small, desolate moaning, and on the other, the sun-touched grandeur of the solemn hills. So they left her to her last rest in the spot that had been set aside for the burial of the foreign dead of the village; and up to her grave and back again to the quiet house an invalid chair was wheeled by a huge mulatto, and Helen knew by what they said that in it rode the husband of the dead lady, with head bent and wrapped in his invalid cloak. "My husband," she said, "how I pity him;" but she did not see his face.

"She was a Miss Blanchard before her marriage," she heard some one say. It is not so rare a name but what two women in the large world might have it, and yet, the coincidence coming in as it then did, upon her excited nerves, stirred her imagination with a strange thrill. That was the last she remembered.

A stupor fell over her. She walked steadily enough back to her lodgings. Her friends had become alarmed at her long absence, and were about starting out to look for her. In an hour her eyes had returned, and the relapse was longer and far more dangerous than her earlier illness; but when she finally recovered the melancholy had departed and the odd, visionary phase of her nature seemed to have left her forever, and she went dutifully back to the dull routine of her country life.

II.

Five years later Helen Blanchard was at the State University at Columbus, O., taking a classical course; and it had come about in this wise: Her father had died and left her a sufficient fortune, her brother and sisters were married, and she had ignored the prayers of all her self-interested relatives and come to America to fulfill the dream of her life, and make for herself a permanent home in the new world. A former governess in her father's family had married a professor at Columbus. She had visited her after viewing the sublimest scenery of her adopted land. Here she was persuaded to remain. She created for herself a beautiful home and gathered about her a select circle of congenial friends. She had her Thursday evenings, at which new books were discussed, theories advanced and scientific subjects treated. Her rooms were furnished as she liked them, in bright velvets, with curtains of satin and lace, portieres of Indian gauze and plenty of books and bric-a-brac scattered about. Her education was broadening each year, and at 30 she was younger than at 25, better looking, too, with a finer figure and a statelier mien.

Having plenty of food for her poetic nature, leisure to study her favorite themes, and freedom from narrow restrictions that she might indulge her tastes, all the old morbid tendencies of her former life had vanished, and it would have been difficult to find a more wholesome woman than was Helen Blanchard at this time.

It was rumored that a leading physician of Columbus had been smitten by her fine English complexion and various other charms.

During that autumn the professor of geology took a three months' vacation, and his place was supplied by a friend of his from Cleveland. He was a Dr. Forraker, and a fine, intellectual man of 40 or more, slightly lame, but with a countenance full of kindliness for all living things.

Helen thought him rather plain at first, but when she talked with him and his face lighted up with the fire of conversational genius, she was much drawn toward him. So much so, in fact, that her interest in the physician waned directly.

This was just such a type of a man she had dreamed of in her earlier and more romantic days, but had never seriously hoped to come in contact with. This was her ideal if she had one.

No one in Columbus knew much of him. He was said to be a bachelor and very learned; that was all, and he was certainly a most entertaining man. She had found herself feeling very glad and blushing like a school-girl when she found there was no Mrs. Forraker.

The next time she saw him was at one of her own *conversaziones*. He noticed that her rooms were tastefully furnished, and that she was exquisitely dressed, and made a charming hostess. She was gracious to him, but so she was to everyone. He was a gallant man, and was very attentive to the elegant woman who had made the evening so pleasant for them all. But he did not think of marrying her until one evening at a concert he observed the assiduous attentions of the eligible physician, when it occurred to him that he, too, was a marriageable man. The next day he asked her to marry him, and was immensely relieved when she accepted; for he had been a little afraid of failure when he saw the deep impression Miss Blanchard had made on the other man.

"I shall be glad of a home," he had said to her; "I've been leading a bachelor life so long," and he looked gravely at her, thinking how delightful a companion she would make. "I have a house in Cleveland which I will have re-made and furnished for you, and I have many pleasant friends who will gladly welcome my talented wife."

He seemed about to say more but was too greatly moved by some deep feeling to proceed; and hastily kissing her hand he left her.

Amid the heartfelt congratulations of many dear friends, and proud of her gifted and companionable husband, she left the old home for the new.

When she entered her spacious house at Cleveland, she was shown at once to her rooms, and returning half an hour later she opened the door and entered the parlors.

Her husband was at the further end of the long rooms, and came forward to meet her. She paused inside the door and uttered a sharp exclamation. "That other woman; my dead face!" She cried excitedly, gazing at a life-size portrait of a lady on the opposite wall.

"What is it, dear?" asked Dr. Forraker concernedly, coming up and putting his arms about her. She was trembling and had turned pale, but was ashamed of her agitation, and laughing nervously, said: "Of course it is only a chance resemblance, but the incident is connected with the only severe illness I ever had, and—" Here she stopped suddenly as she caught sight of an easel in the corner, and said, drawing back, and again losing color, "and the unfinished picture! How came you by these things?" She demanded sharply, "and what do *you* know of that other Miss Blanchard who died in France?"

"Were you a relative of hers?" he asked, pointing to the picture; "it is the same name."

"What was she to *you*?" asked Helen, but in a calmer tone; for her nervous shock had passed now, and only curiosity was in its place.

"She was my wife, Helen," he answered softly—it was the first time he had called her Helen—"she died abroad years ago."

"Yes, I know," she interrupted; "she died in France five years ago, and she had no religion."

He thought come one had told her this; but that illusion was dispelled when she added "and she had no hearse and no prayer, and they sang a ballad at her funeral."

"This is all true," he said, gravely. "My wife had no religion, and it was her desire to be buried without priest or prayer; and," he added, softly, "it does not seem possible that she needed them."

"Why didn't you tell me of your marriage?" asked Helen, half jealous of her other self.

"I supposed you knew," he said. "But how did you become acquainted with all this? Are you a soothsayer?" And he looked at her doubtfully.

Then she told him the whole story, and he related to her how he had met a great French physician who had cured him of his malady a few months after his wife's death; and they became more to each other in that one day than they ordinarily would have done in months. Before that he had thought her all strength and intellect and he had been half afraid of her indomitable will and cool, critical judgment. Now he knew there were in her nature contradictory phases like that of other women, and he loved her none the less, but more tenderly for it. He had noticed that she resembled his first wife, and was about to tell her so that other day.

They searched his first wife's family tree, and were astonished to find that her great-grandfather had come to Maryland from Oxfordshire, England, years and years before. So when Dr. Forraker introduced Helen to his friends, and they observed the likeness to the other wife, he would say, "Yes, they were distant relatives; they were both Blanchards."

And though Helen had often before been haunted by dreams of that dead face (so strongly had it worked on her up-wrought nerves) she now thinks of the other wife only as herself on earth before.—*Weekly Wisconsin.*

MARTIN THE BLACKSMITH.

In the middle of the night, Signor Girolamo, a rich and honest merchant of Milan, was returning home from the theatre. As he passed the smithy of a certain blacksmith, whom he knew, he was astonished to hear the hammer going, just as if it were day.

"How is it that you work so late, friend Martin?" said he, entering the shop. "You toil hard all the day; is it possible that you are not able to gain your bread without staying up all night?"

"Signor Girolamo, you are quite right," said Martin, pulling off his cap. "In the day I can earn what is enough for me, but you must know that my mate Lazzaro has had his house burnt down, and he and his wife and children are without the necessaries of life. To help them I rise two hours earlier than usual in the morning, and go to bed two hours later at night, so that at the end of the week I have done the work of exactly two days. The earnings of those two days, I give to my unfortunate friend. I have no other way of helping him, and this only gives me a little additional work."

The signor was astonished at this goodness on the part of the blacksmith.

"Bravo, Martin!" said he; "you are most noble; all the more so, since your mate is not likely to be ever in a position to repay you this debt."

"As to that," cried Martin, "it may be a bad thing for him, if he is never able to repay me, but it will not matter to me if he cannot. I am sure he would do the same, and more, were I in his place."

Signor Girolamo wished him good-night, and went away quite moved to think how this poor workman managed with only two hands to help his neighbor, while so many rich people, who could have done it without the least possible discomfort, did nothing of the kind. The next day therefore, meaning to reward him for his generosity, he came back carrying a hundred crowns, which he presented to him.

"Here," he said, "take this. You can buy iron with this money, enlarge your shop, provide better for your family, and put by something for your old age."

"This money I must ask you to excuse my taking. As long as I am able to work it is not right for me to take money which I have not earned. If I want to lay in a stock of iron, my credit will enable me to do so, for an honest workman who is punctual in his payments can always find some one to give him credit. If, however, you would allow me to make a suggestion. I would beg you to give this silver to my mate Lazzaro. He would thus get out of his difficulties and resume his work, while I should have a few hours more sleep."

Signor Girolamo acted on Martin's advice, but at the same time he related to every one in Milan the tale of the blacksmith's generosity, so that for some time every one talked of it. What was the result?

All who needed a blacksmith went to Martin instead of to anybody else, so that soon he had a most flourishing business.

Thus, with no other help than his own skill and honesty, he secured for himself and his children a sure and moderate competence.

No More Lies.

"No I didn't lose that leg in the war," replied a stranger yesterday, as he leaned up against the cold wall of the postoffice. "I used to claim that my leg was shot off at the battle of Antietam, but one day something happened to cure me of lying. I was stumping along the highway in Ohio, and stopped at a farm house to beg for dinner.

"'Where did you lose that leg?' asked the woman.

"'At Gettysburg.'

"'Sit down till I call my husband.'

"He came in from the barn, and I was asked where my regiment was stationed in the battle.

"'In the cemetery,' I replied.

"'Oh! Well, my son Bill was in the cemetery, too, I'll call him in.'

"Bill soon came in, and he wanted to know what particular grave stone I took shelter behind. I said it was a Scotch granite monument.

"'Oh,' grunted Bill, 'My brother was behind just such a stone, and I'll call him in.'

"Bob came in, and swore a mighty oath that he was there alone. He sort o' pre-empted that monument and remembered the inscription to a word. However to give me the benefit of the doubt, I was asked to name my company and regiment.

"'Company B, Fifth Ohio,' I promptly answered.

"'Oh! Brother Jim was in that company; I'll call him in.'

"Jim came in, took a square look at me and remarked:

"'Stranger, our regiment wasn't within 200 miles of Gettysburg during the war!'

"'I said the twenty-fifth. Of course the Fifth wasn't there.'

"'Aaron came in, called me a wooden-legged liar, and I was pitched over the fence into the road. They've got this war business down so fine that you can't go around playing roots on the country any more, and the best way is to own right up that you got drunk and got in the way of a locomotive."

The Country Store.

An elderly woman, with keen gray eyes looking through steel-bowed spectacles enters, and casually examines several bolts of lawn lying on the counter. "A good morning Mrs. H——," says the proprietor, coming briskly forward, anticipating a sale, "looking for lawns?"

"No, I dono as I was," says the possible customer, guardedly; "I was just noticing these."

"They're pretty patterns. I just got them in."

"They're all so light."

"Light colors are all the rage this summer. But here's a black and white piece that's just the thing for you. Now, isn't that neat?"

"Yes, rather; but tain't just what I like. How much is it?"

"Fifteen cents a yard."

"Ain't that dreadful high for lawns?"

"Not for lawns of that quality. Just see how fine it is."

"Yes, but they're selling lawns every mite and grain as good as that in the city for eight and nine cents."

"Impossible, Mrs. H——."

"Indeed, they are! And one of my neighbors got a good piece for seven cents."

"They're not such goods as this."

"It's pretty nigh the very same thing. I hadn't calculated on giving more than ten cents."

"Why, Mrs. H——, this cost more than that at wholesale!"

"Oh, I guess not. Anyhow, I can't give but ten cents a yard."

"I can't take it."

"I won't give any more."

"Well, just examine that lawn closely now."

"It looks well enough, but I ain't at all sure that it won't fade."

"I'll warrant it not to fade. It's a standard make and fast colors."

"Well, how many yards are there in the piece."

"Thirteen; just a good full pattern."

"Eleven would be a great plenty for me."

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have the piece for fourteen cents a yard, seeing as it's all I've got left."

"Can't you say an even twelve cents to an old customer like me."

"No, really, I couldn't."

"Fourteen cents is too much for lawn that's selling ev'rywhere for ten cents."

"Oh, I think you're mistaken."

"Well, see here, I'll give you twelve and one-half cents a yard for it."

"No, I couldn't go below thirteen cents, and wouldn't let anybody but you have it for that."

"Well, I'll give you thirteen cents if you'll call it twelve yards."

"But there's full thirteen yards in the piece."

"Well, call it twelve and I'll take it."

"Can't do it."

"I reckon you'll throw in thread and buttons?"

"Couldn't do it for that money."

"Well, say thread and buttons?"

"I'll throw in a spool of thread."

"And a card of hooks and eyes?"

"Well, I don't know—yes, I will."

"Now, why can't you say buttons, too?"

"I really cannot; I'm losing money now."

"And you can't make it twelve and one-half cents a yard?"

"No."

"Well, I guess I won't take it; I ain't needing a lawn dress this summer, anyhow."—*Youth's Companion.*

He Holds The Fence.

Several weeks ago a Detroiter purchas a piece of land in the west end of the county. After the purchase had been completed, he engaged a surveyor's services to see if he had been cheated. The discovery was made that a line fence was over on his land eight inches. When he went to the owner of the adjoining property with the statement, the man replied:

"Stranger, the row about that fence began twenty-eight years ago. It was then five feet over the line, and the two men fit and fit until one was killed and the other crippled. After a while it was moved a foot, and then two other owners fit and fit until the lawyers got the two farms. The fence was then moved another foot, and the two new owners spent half the year in jawing each other and the other half in lawing. One died and the other got sold out on a mortgage, and when I got this farm the fence was moved over another foot. Then I fit and fit, and two years ago was kicked in the ribs and laid up for three months. During that time the fence was moved to the present line. So it's still on your land?"

"Yes."

"Well, I s'pose the proper thing is a row. If you'll get out by the barn with your revolver I'll come out and hunt for you with the shotgun. If you git the drop on me don't let go, because I shall shoot to kill."

It took the Detroiter some time to convince the farmer that he didn't care for eight inches of land, and that he wouldn't have the fence moved for fifty dollars, and when he had succeeded the old man drew a long breath of relief, and replied:

"That's kind o' you, and it leaves my boys a chance to fit and fit after I'm gone. I hope you ain't comin' out here to live alongside o' me!"

"No."

"Glad on't. If you lease, git some man who'll want them other eight inches. The boys and I is lonesome for excitement."

NOTHING like "Sellers' Liver Pills" for headache, billiousness, dizziness, constipation, fever and ague, and all malaria.

Do Not Fret.

From Good Housekeeping.

"Every one of these doors creaks so horribly that it almost sets me wild," exclaimed a tired housekeeper who was trying to rest a little after the labors of a wearisome day. Now this was not the first, perhaps it was the twentieth, time she had made the same, or a similar remark, about the creaking of the doors, when with the aid of a bottle of oil and a feather she might have made them swing noiselessly and saved herself all the annoyance she had suffered.

It is a great deal easier to make suggestions than to follow them, but it seems to me that the "golden rule" for housekeepers might be this: "If anything goes wrong for which there is a remedy, apply it as soon as possible; if there is absolutely no remedy do not fret, but make the best of it."

I believe that often it is not the work that makes us feel so thoroughly weary at the end of the week as worrying over it. I remember of fretting a good deal over some Thanksgiving pies, complaining that I always spoiled them by putting in too much of one thing or another, when my sister quietly remarked that perhaps I put too much anxiety into them. I saw the point, and resolved henceforth to do the best I could with my cooking and worry less over results. Of course I had afterwards better success and far more peace of mind.

There are days in the experience of every housekeeper when everything seems determined to go wrong, and a perfect avalanche of little troubles and perplexities seem to overwhelm one. Then indeed is she that ruleth her spirit "better than he that taketh a city."

But how often at the close of such a day have we looked back and seen that all came right at last in spite of our forebodings, and we have wished so much that we could have been self-controlled and sweet-tempered through it all. It is so natural to magnify little troubles instead of remembering that they are not worth fretting about. If at breakfast the biscuits are a little too yellow the steak a trifle overdone, in almost every case no one will be troubled about it if you are not.

If the coffee is not just exactly right no one will notice it unless you call attention to it by some disparaging remark. Especially should we guard against a habit of fretting because of the discomfort of those about us, and the bad influence it has upon them. If the housekeeper frets the children do the same, and the servants also, for nothing is more contagious, and we have anything but a happy household. However badly things may go, nothing is gained by worrying over them, and if we cannot be always bright and cheerful we can at least endure patiently till the storm passes over and the sunshine returns, as it surely will in due time.

A Mystery.

How the human system can ever recover from the bad effects of the nauseous medicine often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic, would oftener be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a sterling and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

A most potent remedy for malaria is Vinegar Bitters. New Style. It cleanses the system and purifies the blood, freeing it from all malarial poison. Vinegar Bitters, New Style, has a pleasant taste, is a slightly antacid preparation, is a mildly-acting, but effectual cathartic, and its tonic properties are unsurpassed.

CAN you tell who is in the greatest danger of catching any infectious or epidemic disease? "Why," you say, "the person whose blood is in an impure or impoverished condition." Exactly. Such people take special complaints as dry grass bursts into flames before the spark of a locomotive. Pure blood is a defence; it means safety, and Dr. Kennedy's

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, one year $1.50; if not paid in advance, $1.00; three months, 25 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for each insertion; fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application. Executors' and administrators' notices, $3 each for six insertions. Professional cards, not exceeding one inch space, $5.00 per year.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Ordinary notices of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

All communications should be addressed to D. ROGERS, Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., August 27, 1886.

STATE REPUBLICAN TICKET

FOR GOVERNOR,
JAMES A. BEAVER,
Of Centre County.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR
WILLIAM T. DAVIES,
Of Bradford County

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL
A. WILSON NORRIS,
Of Philadelphia.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS
THOMAS J. STEWART,
Of Montgomery County

FOR CONGRESSMAN AT LARGE,
EDWIN S. OSBORNE,
Of Luzerne County

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The republicans of McKean county will meet at their respective places for holding elections on

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 4, 1886,

between the hours of 7 and 9 o'clock, p. m. (except where earlier hours are fixed by the rules) and elect two delegates to represent their several precincts in a County Convention to be held at the Court House in the borough of Smethport, on

TUESDAY, SEPT. 7, 1886,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., which is called for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices:

One person to represent the 34th Congressional district in the National House of Representatives in the 53rd Congress, subject to the decision of the district convention.

One person to represent McKean county in the next Legislature.

One person for County Treasurer.

The election for delegates will be held in accordance with the laws governing primary elections in Pennsylvania as well as the rules governing the holding of caucuses in McKean county. It might not to be forgotten that a member of the County Committee should be elected in each election district at the primary election, which will be held on the evening of Sept. 4th.

By order of the County Committee,

L. ROGERS, Chairman.

J. H. WHITCOMB, } Secretaries
T. F. RICHMOND, }

RULES

Governing Caucuses, Adopted by the Republicans Party of McKean County

Republican caucuses shall be held at the several public polling places in each election district on the day fixed by the Republican County Committee and shall be opened, except in case of fire and Cowden, at 7 o'clock p. m., and shall be kept open at least two hours, and no caucus shall be held before commencing to hold the same by vote that the caucus be kept open longer than two hours, and no caucus shall be held at any other time or place except as shall be ordered by the County Committee, and no person shall be entitled to vote at any caucus who is not a qualified voter at the general election next following such caucus.

Each election district shall be entitled to one delegate for each fifty votes cast for the Republican candidate for Governor at the last preceding general election, and one additional delegate for a fraction of fifty votes exceeding twenty-five, but no election district shall be entitled to more than five delegates, and each election district which shall cast less than twenty-five votes for the Republican candidate for Governor at the last preceding general election shall be entitled to one delegate.

Provided, that in Lafayette township the caucus shall be held at the school house of Battaglia Corners.

Provided, that the caucus in second district of Keating township shall be held at Odeville.

Each caucus shall be called to order by the chairman of the County Committee, if present, and if not, by some other person appointed by the County Committee, and shall proceed to vote at said caucus, and said caucus shall not proceed to the election of such chairman, except in the absence of both of said chairmen, when shall also be judges of said caucus, and two persons as inspectors and two clerks of said caucus, all of whom shall be sworn according to law to perform their duties with fidelity and impartiality, and in conformity with the rules and regulations governing party caucuses.

The judges and other officers elected at such caucus shall be voted for by ballot, except as aforesaid, and in no other manner.

The judge and inspectors shall make and deliver to the person or persons having the highest number of votes a certificate of the votes cast, which certificate will be his credentials of office.

All questions relating to qualifications of voters or the person offering to vote, or as to the number of votes any person is entitled to cast, or as to the number of votes cast, shall be decided by the judges of election, whose decision shall be final and conclusive.

The judge and at least one of the inspectors of any caucus shall be assigned before receiving each vote that the person offering to vote is a qualified voter, and in all cases of doubt the judge shall examine under oath the person offering to vote touching his qualifications, and he shall not receive such vote except upon such examination.

There shall be elected by the caucus of each election district two delegates to represent said district in the county convention and one person to act as member of the county committee for said election district for the ensuing year. In case of a tie, caused by death, refusal or neglect of any person elected, the vacancy in the membership of the county committee shall be filled thereby.

All resolutions passed by the caucuses in the county of McKean shall be reported to the county convention in accordance with these rules and under the provisions of the acts of June 7th, 1881, respectively.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

Chairman, L. Rogers.			
Secretaries, T. F. Richmond, T. D. Richmond.			
Bradford city 1st ward, 24 dels.		W. T. McCarthy.	
Bradford city 2d ward, 26 dels.		H. Dyke	
do	3d	"	J. H. Whitcomb.
do	4th	"	J. W. Shaw.
do	5th	"	N. J. Smith.
Bradford twp.	1st dist.		Sheldon Brooks.
do	2d	"	S. H. Pratt.
Annin twp.			M. J. Shelley.
Corydon twp.			S. H. Raymond.
Ceres twp.			Phillip Trout.
Duke Center boro.	1st dist.		W. E. Groves.
do	2d	"	S. M. Fox.
Eldred boro.	1st dist.		S. Armstrong.
Eldred twp.	1st dist.		M. Shuck.
Foster twp.			A. A. Ewer.
do	2d	"	C. A. Wilcox.
Hamlin twp.			Wm. Wardle.
Hamilton twp.			W. L. Bartholomew.
Keating twp.	1st dist.		J. M. Bennett.
do	2d	"	W. H. Hunt.
Kendall boro.	1st dist.		J. D. Brennan.
do	2d	"	
Lafayette twp.			Mark Hamlin.
Liberty twp.			A. F. Holden.
Norwich twp.			Jonathan Colegrove.
Otto twp.	1st dist.		E. W. Spencer.
do	2d	"	E. E. Nash.
Port Allegany			A. A. Lattimer.
Sergeant twp.			John G. Sanderson.
Smethport			John S. Appell.
Wetmore twp.			George Hendricks.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce JOHN LEWIS McCOY, Jr., as a candidate for Congress in the 34th district, subject to the usages of the republican party of this county and district.

LEGISLATURE.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish to say to the republicans of McKean county that I have consented to submit my name to the Republican county convention as a candidate for Representative in the Legislature. The congressional and legislative apportionment bills have yet to be passed, United States senator to be elected, and to the legislature we look for relief. For the Republican party is to be kept in line for the presidential campaign of 1888. Any assistance rendered me in obtaining the nomination will be thankfully received. Yours, respectfully,

W. E. CHAPMAN

Bradford, Pa., July 2, 1886.

We are authorized to announce S. S. JOHNSON, Esq., of Bradford City, as a candidate for 1887, Esq., of Bradford City, as a candidate for the House of Representatives of the State Legislature, subject to the usages of the republican party of McKean county.

We are authorized to announce W. J. SMITH, Esq., as a candidate for the House of Representatives of the State Legislature, subject to the usages of the republican party of McKean county.

COUNTY TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce JOHN E. SHOEMAKER, Esq., of Smethport, as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention of September 7th, 1886.

We are authorized to announce the name of J. D. EVANS, of Bradford township, as a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention of September 7th, 1886.

Tom Democratic papers say that the trade coupons used by the Bellefonte Nail Company are a "hardship on the men and helps keep them in poverty." The employees of the company indignantly deny this assertion and say that there is not a word of truth in it. Who the liars are in this case is a question not difficult to solve.

Post Gov. Curtin, his name was not even mentioned in the Democratic Convention. "How have the mighty fallen."

ANOTHER LIE SQUELCHED.

Two weeks ago there was published in the columns of the MINER, the substance of a statement made by the employees of the Bellefonte Iron and Nail Company, denying most emphatically that the works of that company were run on the "store order" system. The Bellefonte *Pennsylvanian*, a democratic sheet which is about as unscrupulous a sheet as is published in the country, followed this statement with the assertion that the Democratic employees of the company signed the statement under protest, that they would have been discharged had they not signed it. This turns out to have been a lie of the most contemptible character. The Democratic employees have published the following card which explains itself:

TO THE PUBLIC:—In the *Watchman* of its issue, August 6, appears an item that all the Bellefonte Iron and Nail Company employees signed the statement addressed to Chairman Cooper "because they know it *they did not they would be discharged*." The undersigned are employees of the firm and are of different political faith, but we hereby unsolicited and emphatically deny the assertion and say the *Watchman* has insulted every employee of the works and should be given a wide berth. Every name attached to that statement was done so voluntarily, and *not* "because we were afraid of being discharged." We further say that in our opinion the *Watchman* is an enemy to the laboring man, a stranger to truth, a falsifier of the rankest kind and the more such falsehoods appear in its columns the more votes it sankses for. Beaver. In the future if anything appears in that paper at tempting to put us in the attitude of antagonisms to General Beaver let it be understood as a falsehood of the deepest dye.

E. B. Thomas,	J. H. Scott, Jr
Lem McGinley,	J. C. Blair,
W. E. Desilva	Jake Hinkleman,
John Feaster,	Rob't Saylor,
T. Grooms,	Ben Gordon,
Scott Horner,	Herbert T Beaner
E. W. Poorman,	S. P. Longacre,
John Puff,	Thos. K. Beaner,
David Black,	George Cane
W. T. Fitzgerald,	W Flemiter
Arthur Taylor,	Ben Aston,
S. N Charles,	A T Lundie,
Chas. Kase	C F Stoll,
Jno. Kelly,	Robert Swift,
Jno. O'Connor,	Chell Rumford
J. H. Scott, Sr.,	F A McMillan
David Wyland,	David Haines
Isaac Sieger,	Albert Stoll

SENATOR BLACKBURN of Kentucky passed through Pittsburgh on Saturday last on his way home from Washington. To a newspaper reporter he talked as follows about civil service and the appointment of the colored man Matthews:

"I will tell you what I said to the President some days ago. We had been speaking of the nomination of Matthews to be register of the District of Columbia, the confirmation of which I opposed in the Senate. Mr. Cleveland, said I, you'll never be President of the United States if you'll put my Cabinet together as a lot of gentlemen if there is a single Republican office holder in your department at the expiration of a period of ten days your resignations will be accepted forth with. Briefly I consider civil service reform the biggest humbug ever perpetrated upon the American people."

The Senator said that Secretary Whitney had informed him that Matthews only political value consisted in his ability to stir up rows at ward meetings. He considered Matthews' appointment a mistake, and when the President said he wanted to show that the Democratic party was not inimical to draw the color line Blackburn suggested that Matthews be given the Alsops postoffice, and he promised to vote for his confirmation.

Blackburn, just before leaving the capital, volunteered the information to Matthews that he would see that he did not receive seven votes when his appointment is again reported to the Senate.

THE most gratifying intelligence which the wires have carried over the country for many a day, was the dispatch from Chicago of Friday last which reads as follows: "All the defendants in the Anarchists trial have been found guilty of murder in the first degree and will hang, excepting Neebe, who is convicted of manslaughter and receives a sentence of 15 years penal servitude. The verdict of the jury was as follows: "We find Spies, Parsons, Fielden Schwab, Fisher, Lingg and Engel guilty as charged in the indictment, and punishable by death. We find Neebe guilty of manslaughter and fix his punishment at 15 years in the penitentiary.

If this verdict is carried to its legitimate result, it will be some time before the dynamite and bomb-throwing business will be resumed in this country. The posing as martyrs on the part of the Anarchists is expected but that will have no weight in saving their necks from the halter.

WILLIAM P. HEN—R, chairman of the Democratic State Committee and half owner of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, sold his interest in that journal on Saturday last to Richard M. Reilly and Gilbert Clark. The diverse political opinions of Messrs. Steinman & Hensel the present proprietors, is believed to be the principal cause of the dissolution. Mr. Steinman favored the nomination of Wallace for Governor, and said so in the *Intelligencer*. Mr. Hensel was strongly in favor of Black and also took occasion to express his preferences in the *Intelligencer*, at the same time securing a united delegation to the State Convention from the county. The diverse editorial opinions excited remark throughout the State, and Mr Hensel preferred to sever his connection with the paper to remaining in the equivocal position.

THE Republicans of McKean Co should not forget that the 2d of September is the last day on which they can be registered. They should go at once to the registry list and see that their names are enrolled upon it, or if it has been omitted see the assessor without further loss of time. The coming election is an important one, and no one should be deprived of his vote. The registry lists are hung up in a conspicuous place at the regular voting places of each election district where they may be seen at any time.

EX SENATOR BUCKALEW of Columbia county will represent the Eleventh Congressional district in the next Congress. He has already captured a majority of the conferees in that strong Democratic district. He is a very able man, and no mistake is made when such men are sent to Congress, whether Republicans or Democrats.

DISPARITY IN REPRESENTATION.

The *Iron* is a monthly periodical published in Philadelphia and is a representative journal of the metal working trades, machinery, mechanics, engineering and manufactures. It is one of the oldest edited periodicals of its kind in this country. It seldom refers to subjects of a political character, but when it does they are discussed in a comprehensive and impartial manner. In the August number it has an article on the subject of representation in Congress which deserves attention from the people of the northern States. It is as follows:

To the student of history, in future years, the great difference in the values of representation in what is termed the popular branch of our National Legislature will appear as great enormities as to the student of to-day appears the modes by which popular votes in the past have been overthrown. These differences, apparent in several instances, are most plain in a comparison between the votes represented by members from prominent southern states, and the leading northern States.

Throughout the northern and eastern States the average vote cast in the various Congressional districts will amount to something like 35,000, to each member of Congress a ratio of representation of about 154,000. In the five southern States where the colored population preponderates—to wit Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina two representative in Congress represent 470,000 votes each one, 240,000 two, 160,000 each four, 117,000 each seven, 94,000 each three, 78,000 each one, 47,000 two, 39,000 each two, 20,000 each and one, 20,000 votes. In these States the average vote in all the districts is 46,214. In the northern States the average vote is 35,140. Thus we have this result: Ohio with a total vote of 780,011 is represented by twenty one Congressmen, while the States of Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina Louisiana Mississippi, Arkansas and Florida, with a total vote of but 769,556, are represented by forty five Congressmen. That is it takes five votes to elect twenty one Congressmen in Ohio than it does to elect forty five Congressmen in the States named. And this disparity might be prolonged indefinitely. The de facto reason for this is evident enough. The colored population does not vote. And why? That is not in our province to say, save that no one has ever yet examined that it is simply through discriminations. There is a reason back of the given reason and while we do not hold ourselves to go behind the returns and discuss the pros and cons of the question, it is reasonable to infer that a man who is debarred from voting cannot be represented. Let the representation rest upon the votes and not upon the population and we shall become ship master a Republican and an honest representation.

A BLUE BOOK FOR ALASKA TERRITORY.

Before the adjournment of the recent Editorial Convention, held at Asbury Park N. J., the first week of this month, Hon. Frederick Douglass delivered an address on the relations of the colored man to political parties during which he said:

Forty years ago I was living in jail on the Eastern shore of Maryland as a slave, a bond slave with no future before me. In reading I had written passes for men to escape the chains of slavery which I could not escape myself, but if I could have seen this day I would have rejoiced in what I suffered then. I can say for my people that they are doing well both physically and intellectually. They must be considered in reference to the depths from which they have been emancipated. Our liberties came to us amid the quaking of civil war, over bloody fields, not from moral choice, but military necessity. There never was a people turned loose under such unfavorable circumstances. The Israelites and Russian serfs fared better than we, for we were turned naked on the world and not a penny or inch of land for over two hundred years servitude. It was thought the race would soon die out, but the last census shows they are the only people increasing now in the South.

Mr. Douglass then took up "The future relation of the negro to existing parties," saying: "I can not understand for the life of me why any colored man who remembers that ten, twelve, fifteen years ago, when the questions of emancipation and citizenship were up and the Democratic party was upon one side against our emancipation and citizenship, with the Republican party in favor of it I can't see for the life of me how any colored man could side with the Democratic party and against the Republican party. The Democratic party has not changed sufficiently to cause me to join that party. Although I have been retained in office I can say to-day I have never kept back, never suppressed my allegiance to the Republican party. Cleveland was brave enough when public sentiment set against me, he was brave enough to invite me not once, twice or thrice, but many times to his grand receptions at the White House, but Grover is in bad company. I must remember the party that set us free though there are good and bad in all parties. We can't be neutral. It is better to be a part of the whole than the whole of a part, we can't afford to go fooling into the Democratic ranks because Cleveland makes a good President."

THE Philadelphia *Record* says that Mr. Black the Democratic nominee for Governor is "an amiable easy going, kubberly gentleman without one atom of leadership in his composition." The *Record* is the leading Democratic paper of the State but because Mr Black was not its favorite candidate it is trying to belittle him in the eyes of the people. The writer of this is intimately acquainted with that gentleman and he does not hesitate to say that he is not only the peer, intellectually of any Democrat in the State, but he is every inch a true man. If it should be the misfortune of Pennsylvania to have another Democratic Governor it would be impossible to select from the ranks of that party a man who would fill the position with more ability and grace.

THE cowardly manner in which the Democratic Convention treated the Prohibition question, is characteristic of its course on all great questions since it sprung into existence. It never dared express an opinion on a living issue until it was forever settled by the votes of the people.

THE election in November next is one of great importance. If any Republican fails to see that his name is on the registry list on or before Thursday of next week and is thereby deprived of his vote, he will have no one to reproach but himself.

MR. BLAINE made one of his great speeches at a mass meeting of Maine Republicans, at Sebago Lake in that State on Tuesday last.

YOUNG REPUBLICANS, who voted on age last fall, must be assessed in order to vote this fall.

HENSEL'S "LABOR SIDE-SHOW."

The *Press* has truthfully exposed a combination which Mr. Hensel sought with the Knights of Labor and the Trades Union in the make-up of the Democratic State ticket, promising the Knights the Congressman at Large, and the Trades the Secretary of Internal Affairs. Committees of both organizations attended the Convention to see that the goods were delivered. They were delivered to the Knights in the person of Maxwell Stevenson, but they were denied to the Trades Union, their favorite William Wilbe, of the Amalgamated Association, declining any place but Secretary of Internal Affairs the only place on the ticket of special value to workingmen, and the one which the Democratic managers would not give them. As a result the Trades Union branch of the combination left in disgust, and are now assuming an attitude of open revolt against the Democratic State ticket, and particularly against Maxwell Stevenson, whom they accuse of accepting his share of the bargain and leaving his companions in the lurch. This will widen the breach between the labor organizations, while Hensel's attempt to make the assemblies of the Knights of Labor a mere annex to his office holding political machine will scatter discord everywhere, if indeed it does not disrupt the organization so far as Pennsylvania is concerned. Mr. Powderly, it is well known, condemned the scheme from the first, and himself repeatedly declined not only the Gubernatorial nomination to which Stevenson aspired and at one time said "the head or nothing," but declined a nomination to Congress in a district where his election was assured. He declared that the order should not be prostituted before the spoils of politics, and yet Hensel now seeks to prostitute it to that very purpose. Some of the Democratic members of the Executive Board of the Knights of Labor of Philadelphia are already in the employ of Hensel, who is ready to deal lavishly with the semi monthly salaries assessed from Democratic office holders to aid the entire ticket nominated by Cleveland, Randall and the Congressional syndicate. The scheme agreed upon since the Convention is to employ, at any cost, speakers who are to visit all of the Assemblies of the Knights some of them either Republicans or pretended Republicans, and all to speak ostensibly for Maxwell Stevenson, but at the same time to insinuate that organized labor ought to transfer its allegiance to the Democratic party and support Democratic tickets so as to show Labor's power and enable it in future to dictate the policy of the Democratic party. The arguments of gales before a little cool reflection. Labor can only show its power by giving the largest vote to the Labor candidates in other words by pushing Maxwell Stevenson ahead of all other Democratic nominees, and he can only push ahead as he is placed upon Republican tickets, and as Democratic State tickets are rejected by his friends. There is but one way and that is to run a straight labor ticket. If Mr Hensel counts upon the ignorance of workingmen not to see these transparent facts he counts falsely and when in turn these workingmen, presumed by the Democratic managers to be so easily misled learn that the name of the Congressman at Large cannot legally be printed upon the State, but must be printed upon the county ticket, they will see that Hensel has endeavored to make dupes of all of them, and that his aim is not the election of the Congressman at Large, placing him against General Osborne, who had 85,000 majority, but that it is to secure the Legislature for the election of a Free Trade Democratic United States Senator, and to carry his Syndicate State ticket. Maxwell Stevenson is given the shell while the regular Democrats are to have the oysters.

Hensel will go on with what he calls his "Labor Side Show," unless Mr. Powderly sits down upon him so hard that he will be compelled to haul in his canvass and discharge his cheapers and ticket agents. We advise all interested in our politics to closely watch the movements intended to pervert and distort our labor organizations to political purposes and plots.

IF Mrs Ellen Foster, the noted temperance speaker of the Womens' Christian Temperance Union, is correctly reported she expressed her disapproval of the third party movement at Lakeside, Ohio, recently, as follows: "I am opposed to the Prohibition party because I consider it a delusion and a snare and I think it a great hindrance to temperance work. The third party would hurt prohibition in Kansas and Iowa if there was enough of it. The third party did nothing to secure prohibition in Georgia. The people down there don't believe in it. The third party did not secure prohibition in Iowa. The people did it. The third party is doing prohibition more harm than the adherents of high license."

"UNCLE" JAKE ZEIGLER, a Democratic sire of this State, talked as follows to an interviewer just after the Democratic State Convention had concluded its labors: "I have voted the Democratic ticket for fifty five years and never scratched a name. That is my democracy. I came here to give those people the experience of my long career, but they would not listen. Philadelphia and Allegheny and Lancaster which roll up great Republican majorities have dictated the ticket. The Democratic counties have no voice. Now I say to them 'Go ahead gentlemen,' and run your campaign. We will go up to the polls and vote, but let's see you elect your man."

LAMBERT, of the Philadelphia *Press*, says that when Scott, of Erie, made his appearance in Harrisburg and found Randall working for Black, he sought the friends of Wallace and declared that he was ready to help them if by that means Black could be defeated. To Scott, Randall disclaimed all responsibility, but this was such baby business that Scott regarded the whole thing with contempt, and left Harrisburg in the first train the next morning filled with disgust.

THE Philadelphia *Times* in a double-leaded editorial declares that Mayor Smith of that city is an embezzler. It claims that he has received and withheld from the City Treasury thousands of dollars of city money, had the same on deposit for months to his own credit, and appropriated the same to his own use. All this is in violation of the Act of 13th May, 1856. This is a grave charge and one which the mayor cannot slightingly disregard.

CUTTINO, the Texas blackguard editor, who the Mexicans have had imprisoned for a short time, was released on Monday last. What a pity it is that there is not some provision in international law, which would authorize the shutting up of such fellows an indefinite period, by any government whose soil they contaminated.

ASK you assessor! Thursday Sept. 2nd, is the last day.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL.

From our own correspondent.

HARRISBURG, August 23d.—A brief review of the battle ground upon which our political opponents, single-handed, held carnival on Wednesday last will not present the cause of Democracy in a light to give assurances of party harmony or united ranks for the final conflict a few months hence, with a live issue.

There have been many bitter disappointments and each day, as time passes, further compels the conclusion that so many mistakes have been made that the Democratic campaign for this fall is already hopelessly involved in factional party bickerings, which must eventuate in utter defeat at the polls.

As the delegates to the late State convention began to arrive it was common comment upon our streets that the personnel of the convention would outrival any former Democratic convention in respectability in all that goes to make up the better element of the party. The convention did fair to be a representative body of able lieutenants, whose headquarters were besieged by the delegates to receive instruction. Ante-convention indications all pointed towards the nomination of Wallace, but the tide turned against him from the moment Sam Randall took up his temporary abode at the Jones House, the Mecca of official administration patronage, from which place his lieutenants were sent forth to corrall each delegation as it reached our city. It is not denied, even at this late date, that his influence in the distribution of Federal patronage" was the inducement that baited his hook, and this bait was used for all that it was worth and unscrupulously used and it is now said, without the most distant thought of ever redeeming his promises.

Mr. Black was not present at all during the campaign but the Hon. Levi Maish of York county, held the fort for him and saw that Democratic enthusiasm was liberally dispensed over the Lochiel bar.

The day prior to the convention the turning of the tide in Black's favor was so apparent that the Wallace forces were thrown into confusion and demands were at once made that the great leader from Clearfield should be sent for. It was done, but Wallace refused to respond to the summons at first, but yielded to the urgent call at last and when he did finally reach the scene of conflict, it was only to be convinced that his support was demoralized. He at once, good general that he is, set about reorganizing his panic-stricken followers and was succeeding admirably but the task of reclaiming lost ground was far too big a job for him, in the time left for work, and the convention assembled leaving Wallace's success in making the Gubernatorial nomination a very doubtful matter. Subsequent events proved that Randall had used his power in the most unscrupulous manner and Wallace defeat followed.

It crushed Wallace and when your correspondent saw the Clearfield warriors about ten minutes after the convention's action was known he could not but notice the deep humiliation of Mr. Wallace. He seemed broken down and refused to say anything further, than "the near future will be time enough for me to be heard." I am a Democrat.

This defeat of Wallace has embittered his admirers, and on all sides you can hear the discontent that is felt at the selection made for the head of the ticket, while the Wallace men in our midst openly avow their determination to cut Black.

The Democracy in convention wanted to show their great admiration for the soldier element and thought the ticket would be incomplete unless a *veteran* was recognized and given a place, and as a fitting sacrifice have offered Col. Ricketts of Wilkes-Barre. This place had been reserved for Robert E. Wright of Lehigh but as a delegate said in the convention, "the Republican ticket is soldier from head to foot and we cannot afford to ignore the Union veteran; we ought to have one soldier at least on it." The result was that Wright was pushed aside for a veteran, who is placed on the ticket in the hope that a few Republican veteran voters may be caught. It is not good Republican bait. The angler is known. Col. Ricketts was the Wallace candidate for the Lieutenant Governorship, and it was the determination to kill him at the same time Wallace was sacrificed, but a reaction took place in the Convention after Black's nomination, and Col. Ricketts, although against the protests of Mr. Gorman (who nominated, but asked to withdraw his name later) was given the place slated by Randall for Mr. Wright. Maxwell Stevenson, of Philadelphia, is a sop thrown out for the labor vote, and he is to be snowed under by Gen. Osborne, the Republican nominee for Congressman at Large.

The remainder of the Democratic ticket adds no special strength to the head, in fact it is conceded by a large number of the party papers in the State, that the elements of strength is entirely wanting in the ticket nominated last Wednesday.

The most interesting piece of news in our immediate neighborhood, and which is directly traceable to the action of the Democratic Convention, is the split between Hensel & Steinman, proprietors of the organ of Democracy in Lancaster county. Hensel, the junior partner, was an advocate for Black's nomination, and said so in *his* half of the paper. Steinman, the monied man of the concern was for Wallace, and said so in *his* half of the paper, and the public was treated to a literary medley of nonsense by the same paper, in alternate issues advocating a certain candidate or abusing him. The result is that Hensel is now without an "organ," for he has been compelled to dispose of his interest in the *Intelligencer*, and leave the editorial chair vacant.

The line of battle for this fall's campaign is now formed. The generals, booted and mounted, are ready for the firing of the signal gun, to begin the fight. The Republicans stand firm and united, with perfect confidence in their leaders. No party dissensions to disturb this trustful feeling.

The Democracy are rent from head to tail by factions and party distrusts. No confidence in their leaders, and no hope of anything but utter route, when November's battle of the ballot box shall be fought and decided.

On Wednesday next the Prohibitionists will hold their State convention in our Opera House and this will be followed early in September by Rynder's party of the "dead issue" of an era long since gone by.

At the Prohibition convention Charlie Wolfe will hold forth and the assembled delegates will of course be treated to a recital of his political grievances and his disappointed political ambitions and no doubt the campaign will be run, should Wolfe become the nominee, not in the interests of Prohibition, but to publish to the world that Wolfe is the great martyr to bossism, and whatever his vote may be it will not represent prohibition strength in the State, because the temperance people will not support Wolfe.

ALCROFT.

High Licence.

The total abstinence people have published a black map of the one-quarter of a mile square of the city of Hartford, lying between Grove, Main, Morgan streets and the Connecticut River, and spotted its darkness with white squares marking the places where intoxicating liquors are sold. According to this map there are 68 saloons in this small district, which has about 242 voters, giving one saloon to every 11 1-3 voters. Eighty-three saloons in this central district! This is at least 80 more than are necessary in such a space. And it is noted that a heavy weight in counteracting their demoralizing influence is thrown upon Warburton chapel, two small church societies, and the *Times* and *Courant*.

Now the Prohibition people are perfectly right in saying that under any license law this is an inordinate proportion of saloons to the population. We do not know what revenue these places bring into the treasury, but it is certainly not enough to compensate for the evil done, nor to pay the expenses, police and other, of the crime and dispolice and other, of the crime and disorder engendered. No man in favor of temperance and good order can uphold excessive licensing of this sort. In addition to these spotted places where liquor is sold by law there are said to be other places where it is sold without permission. The affair demands the attention of all good citizens. The policy of free rum, or unlimited liberty to sell, could not produce a much worse state of things.

What is the remedy? That is, what is a remedy that, considering the nature of the population, has the best chance of salutary effect? We believe that it is a high license, a license so high that no small groggeries can be kept open under it, and the number would be reduced to a very few. These few should be conspicuously placed, open to public and police inspection. A license fee of $1,000 each would not be too high, and perhaps not high enough. Liquor selling as it is carried on, with all its known dilutions and adulterations, is a very profitable business. In some cases it has been shown that the profits of retailing whisky are 1000 per cent. Now, one effect of a very high license is to put the burden, or a good part of it, of looking after the crime and disorder that bar-room drinking produces where it belongs. Another effect of it is to close up the small groggeries and hidden drinking holes, which are much more temptations and subversive of good order than large saloons, which are open to society's inspection.

It has been vainly tried to carry the city for no license. In a city of this kind it is not believed that a prohibitory law could be enforced. Many men who are temperate and in sympathy with the temperance movement are unwilling to go to the extreme effort in restraint of personal liberty, or have a profound belief that a prohibitory law in a community opposed to it will make hypocrites and increase private drinking. But it is probable that a majority vote might be obtained to try the high-license experiment. It has worked very well elsewhere, and it is worthy trying.

We would go further than this. We would throw the responsibility of drunkenness upon the offenders. We would prosecute every seller of liquor to whom could be brought home any injury resulting from his sale, with special severity for selling to minors or to those who were ruining their families by their excesses. And we would make public drunkenness a misdemeanor, to be punished by the disgrace of fine and imprisonment. Rage for strong drink becomes a disease, but much harm is done to public morals by weakly excusing all drunkenness as a disease instead of a sin.

An enforcement of laws like these, with a vigorous arousing of public opinion against intemperance, would in time effect a great change in any community. In a society like ours, where all vote and the majority rule, it is impossible to make any law effective without a public opinion at its back. Temperance has made great advances in the past few years, so far as public opinion goes. Bar-room drinking is no longer respectable. A man loses caste if he is known to be a tippler. We wait continually to educate public opinion and to enforce all the restraining laws that are practicable. High license and public inspection are restraints. There is certainly no excuse in Hartford for such drinking facilities as this map exposes.—Hartford *Courant*.

Black The Candidate of a Minority of His Party.

Chauncey F. Black is the candidate of the Democratic party fairly enough, but he is not the candidate of the Democracy. On the contrary, he was chosen by men who represent not the will of the Democratic people, but only the will of the Democratic bosses who live in Republican districts. Just compare the votes for Wallace and Black in the convention, and see how the former represents Democratic districts and the latter Republican. In the strongholds of the Democracy Wallace is strongest and Black weakest. Wallace carried every vote, or a majority, in eleven Democratic counties, and Black only eight. Wallace carried ten counties which gave 400 or more majority for Day, Black only five. Wallace swept the votes of such sturdy Democratic counties as Cambria, Clarion, Clearfield, Greene, Monroe and Northampton; Black only Berks, Columbia and his own county of York.

Turning to the Republican counties, Wallace carried nineteen—counting as one Luzerne and Lackawanna, which voted as one county in the Democratic Convention, and which united have a small Republican majority. Black carried fifteen, but the total Republican vote in the Black counties was 152,256, with a Republican majority of 47,608, while the Wallace Republican counties gave only 85,119 Republican votes, with a majority of 15,948. Among the close Republican counties that Wallace carried were Bucks, with a majority of 42; Cameron, with 36, and Venango, with 60, while no Republican county voted for Black which had a Republican majority of less than 180. Among Black's supporters were Allegany, with a Republican majority of 3058; Bradford, with 6406; Philadelphia, with 14,237, and Tioga, with 2830.

So, comparing the votes and majorities in the several counties, it is self-evident that Black is the choice of the minority of his party. In fact, 92 of the 169 votes which Black received on the first ballot were given by Philadelphia, Alleghany, Lancaster and Montgomery counties, which gave a Republican majority of 33,901 for Quay. Half of Wallace's vote was given by counties which gave a Democratic majority of 6835, with three close Republican counties, which gave 1411.

In view of these facts, with a majority of his party opposed to his candidacy, how can Mr. Black's election be otherwise than hopeless? Wallace might have carried some of the doubtful and close Republican counties, because he has his strongest friends there. Black is strongest in Democratic support in the counties where his friends cannot help him. As usual, the Democratic bosses have had their way and the wishes of Democratic voters have been spurned by making the nominee the candidate of the minority.—Philadelphia *News*.

Destroying Insects as a Business.

Yes, it is a capital idea—having men go round who make it a business of applying Paris green, London purple, or other poisons, to apple orchards attacked by canker-worms, etc. They have the force pump, and tanks for water, and everything convenient, and when the job is done, there are no vessels which have had poison in them left on the farm. The same plan might be extended to the application of Paris green for the potato bugs—the farmer and his men lending a helping hand. For one I should be glad to feel that there was not an ounce of Paris green on the farm, and no pail, or tub, or broom, that had been used in fighting the bugs. Success to the new plan! Another year, I hope, will witness its general introduction.

I do not want to see a lot of quacks perambulating the country with mysterious mixtures for fertilizing the land and killing the worms. I would like to see some intelligent young man—say a graduate of an agricultural college, who had made entomology a study, and who knew the habits of our insect pests, and how best to attack them, take hold of this matter.—*American Agriculturist*.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Court Proclamation.

The Hon. A. G. OLMSTED, and the Hons. H. Hamlin and P. M. Fuller, Associate Judges of the Courts of Over and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphan's Court and Court of Common Pleas in and for the County of McKean, have issued their precept, bearing date Friday, May 28th, 1886, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer, and Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the peace, and Court of Common Pleas, at the borough of Smethport, Pa., on Monday, the 13th day of Sept., A. D. 1886, and to continue one week.

Dated at Smethport, Pa., Aug. 23, 1886, and in the 110th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

List of Traverse Jurors

Drawn July 26, 1886, for Court of Common Pleas, to be held the Second Monday of September, A. D., 1886.

Artley, Jonas—Kendall.
Andrews, C. D.—Otto, Rixford.
Burdick, Ralph—Otto, Rew.
Barnes, James, Jr.—Lafayette.
Burdick, C. A.—Smethport.
Barrett, F. S.—Bradford Township.
Colburn, E. A.—Corydon.
Coyle, Henry—Otto, Sprague Farm.
Card, A. B.—Liberty.
Crook, G.—Kendall.
Denny, H.—Kendall.
Dexter, M. D.—Liberty.
Diffenderfer, Thos.—Wetmore.
Egbert, L. F.—Bradford City.
Fox, Henry—Foster, Batsook.
Ferrand, Wm.—Foster, Derrick.
Griffis, F. K.—Bradford Township.
Gregg, John—Bradford City.
Godfrey, R. M.—Bradford City.
Goldhagen, O. E.—Port Allegany.
Haggerty, M. A.—Kendall.
Howard, D. W.—Sergeant.
Hyde, Wm. L.—Ceres.
Huffman, Lester—Otto, Berger Hollow.
Haines, George—Lafayette.
Johnson, James—Otto, White Rabbit.
Kaufman, K.—Eldred Boro.
Lemler, Jacob—Eldred Boro.
Littlefinger, S. S.—Port Allegany.
Lambing, John—Bradford City.
Larkin, Wm.—Bradford Township.
Moses, Frank—Smethport.
McFarland, J. W.—Bradford City.
Ostrander, Eli—Ceres.
Pilkins, Lucian—Bradford Township.
Pomeroy, M. S.—Bradford City.
Robinson, J. A.—Duke Centre.
Vere, J. A.—Bradford Township.
Wheeler, A.—Duke Centre.
Young, Leonard W.—Bradford City.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

DA

The McKean County Miner

[illegible] how the time to [illegible]

[illegible] paper of unpaid, [illegible] and [illegible] at every [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

DRUGS

PATENT MEDICINES,

School Books, Blank Books.

STATIONERY,

FANCY GOODS.

DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES.

NEWS DEPOT AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY CAN BE FOUND AT THE

DRUG AND BOOK STORE

OF

A. B. ARMSTRONG,

Smethport, Pa.

A PRIZE ... Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable box of goods which will put you in the way of making more money right away than anything else in America. Both sexes; all ages. Capital not required. We will start you. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of the time workers are making enormous pay. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address at once, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

In order to enrich the blood, to regulate the liver, and to impart tone and vigor to the digestive organs, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For sale by druggists and dealers generally.

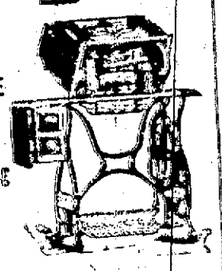
THE

ELDREDGE

"B"

SEWING MACHINE

with Automatic, Self-Threading Cylinder Shuttle.



The ELDREDGE "B" is sold with the guarantee of being the BEST that can be MADE

AGENTS WANTED.

ELDREDGE MANUFACTURING CO.

303 and 305 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

ONE MILE SIGNAL WHISTLE

FIRST PREMIUM JPHILADELPHIA (Grand Prize Medal), Paris, 1878.

DREYDOPPEL'S

BORAX SOAP

Ask your Grocer for it. Wm. Dreydoppel, Mfr., 30 North Front Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dr. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

CURES OF 1885

Scrofula, Malaria, Cancers, Erysipelas, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Mercurial and Rheumatic Diseases. Also Consumption and Kidney Complaints.

LADIES who suffer from Female Complaints, Dizziness and Nervousness, should use Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher. It makes rich blood, and cures Pale Faces, Blotches, Eruptions, Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, Irregularities, Suppressions, Ulceration, Falling of the Womb, Kidney Complaints, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Hysteria, Fits, Dizziness, Nervous Headache, Backache, Nervous Prostration, Debility, Hot Flashes, Sinking Spells, Bearing-down Pains, Dragging Sensations, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Pimples on the Face, Disfiguring Humors, Impoverished Blood, Neuralgia, Rheumatism